Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H.Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone,
And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the Bishop of Carleill.
Bull. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,
Through brasen Trumpet send the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
H.Bull. on both his knees, doth kisse king Richards hand.
And sends alleageance and true fayth of heart
To his royall person: hither come
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
And lands restored againe be freely graunted;
If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,
Rainde from the woundes of slaughtered Englishmen?
The which, how far off from the minde of Bullingbrooke
It is, such crimson tempest should be drench
The fresh greene lap of faire King Richards land,
My stooping duetie tenderly shall shew.
Go signifie as much, while heere we march
Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyse of threatning drumme,
That from this Castles tattered battlements,
Our faire appoyntments may be well perusde.
Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meete
With no lesse terrour then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake,
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.
Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne
My Water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The Trumpet sound, Richard appeareth on the walles.

Bul. See see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne
From out the fiery portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
Yorke. Yet lookes he like a King, behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens foorth
Controlling Maiestie; alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.
King. We are amazd, and thus long haue we stood,
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe the lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awefull dutie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismist vs from our Stewardship:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:
And though you thinke that all as you haue done,
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friendes:
Yet know, my Maister GOD omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassaile handes against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke (for yon mee thinkes he stands)
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding Warre:
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Mayd-pale peace,

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